



No. 76

BOY COMMANDOS



The BATMAN

# Detective COMIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

JUNE

10¢



BATMAN and ROBIN  
VERSUS THEIR FAVORITE ENEMY  
THE JOKER  
IN  
"SLAY 'EM WITH FLOWERS"

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# THE BIG EIGHT

**FAVORITE COMIC READING  
OF AMERICA'S MILLIONS!**



**LOOK  
FOR THIS  
TRADEMARK**

**YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE BEST**

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# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
"THE BOY WONDER"

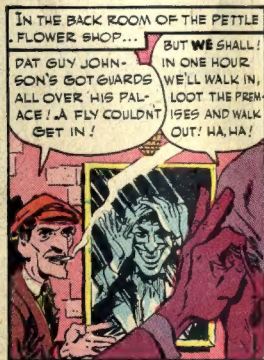
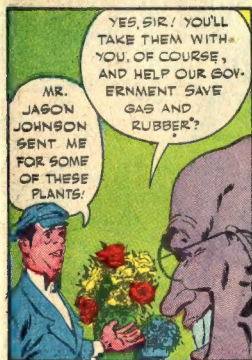
WHEN CRIME LASHES  
OUT AT GOTHAM CITY  
WITH JEERING EVIL  
LAUGHTER, THERE'S  
ONLY ONE ANSWER...  
THE JOKER--MALEVOLENT  
THE MOUNTAINBANK OF THE  
UNDERWORLD...IS BACK  
WITH MORE BRAZEN  
TRICKS UP HIS CAPACIOUS  
SLEEVE!

POISON

THIS TIME, THE DEADLY  
PRANKSTER TURNS GAR-  
DENER OF GANGSTERISM...  
AND REAPS A GOLDEN  
HARVEST OF LOOT--  
UNTIL THE BATMAN AND  
ROBIN PLOW WITH SCYTHE-  
LIKE WITS AND THRASHING  
FISTS INTO THE HARLEQUIN  
OF HATE WHOSE LATEST  
SLOGAN IS...

"SLAY 'EM  
WITH FLOWERS"







PRESENTLY...

THE JOKER  
PULLED THIS CRIME!  
BUT HOW IN BLAZES  
DID HE PUT  
EVERYBODY  
IN THE WHOLE  
HOUSE TO  
SLEEP?

I CAN'T UNDER-  
STAND IT! I WAS  
WATERING THOSE PLANTS  
THE CHAUFFEUR BROUGHT...  
WHEN **BLOOEY!** I WENT  
OUT LIKE A LIGHT!

LEAVE IT TO THE  
JOKER TO SPRING  
A PUZZLER! BUT  
THERE'S SOME-  
BODY WHO'S  
ALWAYS SOLVED  
THEM -- THE  
**BATMAN!** HE'LL  
WANT TO KNOW  
ABOUT THIS!

SOON, FROM POLICE HEAD-  
QUARTERS A GIANT SEARCH-  
LIGHT PAINTS AN EERIE SYM-  
BOL AGAINST THE SKY--CAL-  
LING THE **BATMAN!**

AND SO, NEXT DAY, TWO FAM-  
ILIAR FIGURES--PLAYBOY **BRUCE**  
**WAYNE** AND HIS YOUNG WARD,  
**DICK GRAYSON**, SALLY FORTH...

I DON'T GET IT,  
**BRUCE!** THE  
JOKER'S LOOSE...  
AND WE'RE  
GOING TO  
HAVE A  
FLOWER  
SHOW!

IT'S EDUCATIONAL!  
BESIDES, FROM  
SOMETHING THE  
POLICE CAPTAIN  
MENTIONED, I HAVE  
A HUNCH ABOUT THIS  
PUZZLE...

ASCENDING  
TO THE  
ROOF GARDEN...

LOOKS  
LIKE MY  
HUNCH  
WAS  
RIGHT,  
**DICK!**

GREAT  
**SCOTT!**  
WHAT'S  
THAT!

AND THE MIGHTY MANHUNTER  
IS LAUNCHED ON ANOTHER  
CRIME-BUSTING CAMPAIGN!

THE JOKER SAYS THIS IS  
THE ONLY ROSEBUSH OF  
ITS KIND... WORTH  
\$10,000!

BOY,  
DO THESE  
POSSY-LOVERS  
CARRY DOUGH  
ON THEM!

FIX THE  
PLANTS IN  
OUR EX-  
HIBIT AND  
LET'S GET  
OUT OF  
HERE!

A SWIFT SWITCH IN  
THE SHELTER OF THE  
ELEVATOR SHAFT  
AND...

WE'LL PUT ON  
A SHOW OF  
OUR OWN  
JOKER!

**BATMAN  
AND  
ROBIN!**



HERE'S  
A  
BOUQUET-  
OF  
KNUCKLES!

ISNT  
THIS  
A  
DAISY!



GET  
HIM,  
YOU  
FOOLS!

THIS IS  
NO BED OF  
ROSES  
FOR YOU,  
JOKER!

BUT THE BRAZEN BUFFOON'S HENCHMEN  
FALL BACK BEFORE A BOTANICAL BARRAGE...



A PLANT  
A SECOND  
KEEPS THE  
JOKER  
AWAY!

NOT FOR  
LONG,  
BATMAN!

AND SUDDENLY  
DISASTER  
STRIKES!



I'M...  
GETTING  
DIZZY!

ME  
TOO...  
I CAN  
HARDLY...  
STAND  
UP...



MOMENTS  
LATER...

HA, HA!  
WE'LL GET

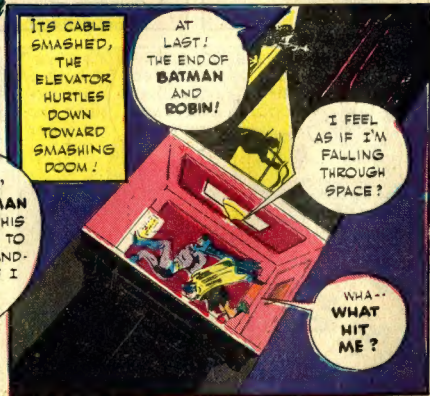
RID OF THEM FOR GOOD!  
TIE THEM UP AND PUT  
THEM INTO THE  
ELEVATOR!



... AND THEN  
FROM THE FLOOR  
ABOVE...

THE  
BATMAN'S  
STOCK IS IN  
FOR A SUDDEN  
DROP!

WOW...  
ME BUMPIN'  
OFF THE BATMAN  
AND ROBIN! THIS  
IS SOMETHIN' TO  
TELL ME GRAND-  
CHILDREN... IF I  
LIVE THAT  
LONG!



ITS CABLE  
SMASHED,  
THE  
ELEVATOR  
HURTLES  
DOWN  
TOWARD  
SMASHING  
DOOM!

AT  
LAST!  
THE END OF  
BATMAN  
AND ROBIN!

I FEEL  
AS IF I'M  
FALLING  
THROUGH  
SPACE?

WHA--  
WHAT  
HIT  
ME?



ABRUPTLY, SENSING IMPENDING PERIL, THE BATMAN REGAINS HIS FEET...

WE ARE FALLING! THE CABLE'S BEEN CUT! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FAST-- THERE ISN'T EVEN TIME TO UNTIE OURSELVES!

EVEN IF WE DID, WE COULDN'T GRAB HOLD OF THE ELEVATOR SHAFT WITH OUR BARE HANDS!

NO... BUT EVERY AUTOMATIC ELEVATOR HAS AN EMERGENCY STOP LEVER. HERE GOES!

I'M KEEPING MY CHIN UP!

WITH A RASPING SCREECH OF STEEL ON TORTURED STEEL, THE BRAKES CLAMP TIGHT AGAINST THE GUIDE-RAILS AND...

WHOO-WEE! I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE FINISH OF US!

IT WASN'T... BUT LET'S GET OUT OF HERE AND FINISH THAT KILLER CLOWN!

OUTSIDE, HOWEVER...

WE'RE TOO LATE! THE JOKER'S GONE!

BUT I THINK I'M ONTO HIS LATEST CRIME-SCHEME!

THE JOKER IS ABLE TO DRUG WHOLE CROWDS AND FLOWERS ARE PART OF HIS METHOD! SO THAT'S THE LINE WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW UP! FIRST A VISIT TO JASON JOHNSON'S PLACE...

SOON...

THESE ARE JUST ORDINARY PLANTS AND THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THEM... WHERE DID YOU BUY THEM, AMES?

AT PETTLE'S FLOWER SHOP, BATMAN!

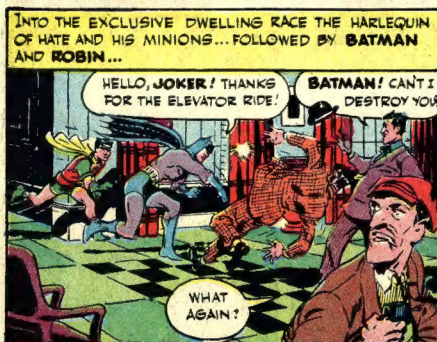
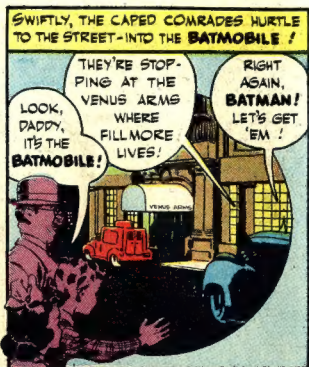
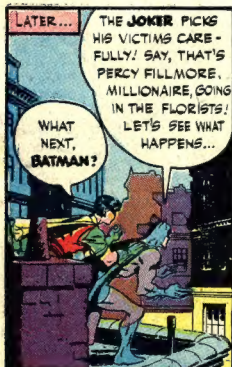
I THINK I SAW A SIGN WITH THAT NAME AT THE FLOWER EXHIBIT! LET'S CHECK!

MINUTES LATER...

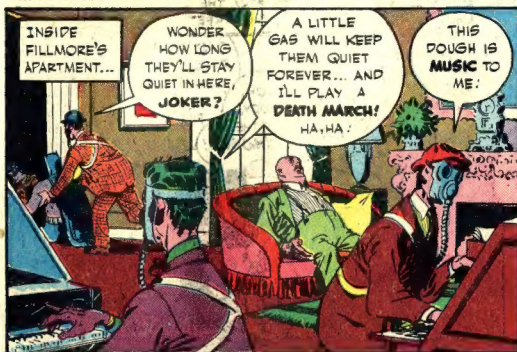
BUT THESE PLANTS ARE ORDINARY, TOO! MAYBE WE'RE ON THE WRONG TRACK, BATMAN!

I DON'T THINK SO! THE CHAUFFEUR BOUGHT HIS PLANTS AT THE PETTLE FLOWER SHOP, WHICH ALSO HAS AN EXHIBIT HERE -- AND THE JOKER STRUCK IN BOTH PLACES! NEXT -- STOP-PETTLES!

PETTLE'S FLOWER SHOP







INSIDE  
FILLMORE'S  
APARTMENT...

WONDER  
HOW LONG  
THEY'LL STAY  
QUIET IN HERE,  
**JOKER?**

A LITTLE  
GAS WILL KEEP  
THEM QUIET  
FOREVER... AND  
I'LL PLAY A  
**DEATH MARCH!**  
HA, HA!

THIS  
DOUGH IS  
**MUSIC** TO  
ME!

NICE OF FILLMORE TO SAVE SCRAP  
RUBBER.. THIS OLD HOSE WILL  
JUNK THE **BATMAN** AND HIS  
BRAT WONDER 'ITS CONNECTED  
TO THE KITCHEN  
RANGE. **TURN  
ON THE GAS!**

OKAY,  
**JOKER!**  
LET'S GET  
GOIN'!

**SLOWLY, THE STUNNED CRIME FIGHTERS  
REVIVE AND ARE FACED BY A NEW AND MORE  
DEADLY DANGER:**

**SNAP OUT  
OF IT. G-BATMAN!**  
TH- THE P-PLACE IS  
BEING FILLED WITH  
G-GAS! WE-WE'LL BE  
S-SUFFOCATED!

**GOT TO DO SOMETHING  
RIGHT AWAY... 'NOTHER  
FEW MINUTES MIGHT BE  
TOO LATE!**



N-NO  
USE! WE'RE  
T-TOO  
WEAK!

CAN'T GIVE  
UP... GOT TO GET  
OUT OF HERE! MY  
BRAIN IS FILLED WITH  
FUMES! ... CAN'T  
THINK... BUT I'VE  
**GOT TO!**

**THEN, A SOLUTION,  
STARTLING IN  
ITS SIMPLICITY,  
SEEPS THROUGH  
BATMAN'S  
TORPID MIND!**



PULL OUT THE  
PING AND THE  
DOOR HINGES  
COME APART!  
THEN THE LOCK'S  
THE ONLY THING  
HOLDING UP  
THE DOOR...

W-WE'RE F-  
FINISHED,  
IF THIS  
D-DOESN'T  
WORK!

**BUT IT DOES WORK! A FEEBLE PUSH  
AND THE DOOR COLLAPSES! AND THEN...**

THE **JOKER** WAS TOO  
FAST THIS TIME! HE  
SPILLED SOIL AROUND  
THE POT! THAT'S PROOF  
THESE THINGS ARE  
PART OF HIS SCHEME!

FILLMORE'S  
OKAY NOW!  
LET'S BARGE  
IN AND  
CLEAN UP  
THE FLOWER  
SHOP!

NO, BECAUSE, IF  
I KNOW THE **JOKER**,  
HE'S GOT THE LOOT HID-  
DEN AT SOME OTHER  
HIDEOUT! WE'VE GOT  
TO LEARN WHERE ..WE'LL  
OFFER OURSELVES AS  
BAIT TO FIND  
OUT!



PRESENTLY, AT THE PETTLE FLOWER SHOP, TWO BITTER FOES IN DISGUISE FACE EACH OTHER ACROSS A COUNTER.

TOO BAD MR. PETTLE HAD TO GIVE UP THE SHOP! I'VE DEALT WITH HIM FOR YEARS!

YES, IT'S A PITY, MR. WAYNE! BUT HE HAD NO CHOICE!

WISH WE COULD WADE RIGHT IN WITHOUT FENCING AROUND LIKE THIS!

I WANT A FEW OF THESE PLANTS! I'LL TAKE THEM WITH ME!

CERTAINLY, MR. WAYNE! HA, HA! WE'VE BEEN VERY SUCCESSFUL WITH THEM! I'LL HAVE TO ORDER A LOT MORE!

WHEN THE CUSTOMERS DEPART...

BRUCE WAYNE, DA SOCIETY PLAYBOY! WHAT A HOUSE HE'S GOT TO KNOCK OVER! WE'LL GRAB US A FORTUNE!

RIGHT! THIS WILL BE THE EASIEST AND MOST PROFITABLE HAUL OF ALL! HA, HA, HA!

PERHAPS, JOKER - AND PERHAPS NOT! FOR THE MOMENT THE INTENDED VICTIMS REACH HOME...

CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH ONE OF THE JOKER'S CUNNING INVENTIONS! IT'S SAFER TO FLUOROSCOPE IT FIRST!

WOW! YOU WERE RIGHT, BRUCE! THERE IS SOMETHING AT THE BOTTOM OF THAT POT!

VERY CLEVER! THE JOKER MERELY SETS THIS CLOCKWORK! THEN, AT THE APPPOINTED TIME, A CLOUD OF CHLOROFORM IS RELEASED THROUGH THE HOLLOW STEMS OF THE PLANT DRUGGING HIS VICTIMS!

AND AFTER EACH ROBBERY, THE JOKER JUST TAKES THESE THINGS OUT AND FILLS THE POTS WITH SOIL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HE'LL GET SUSPICIOUS IF THEY'RE GONE!

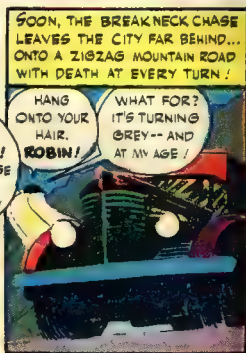
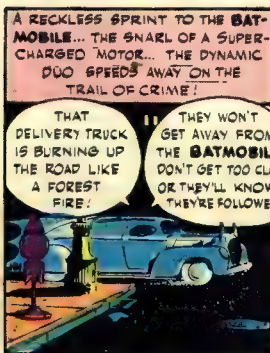
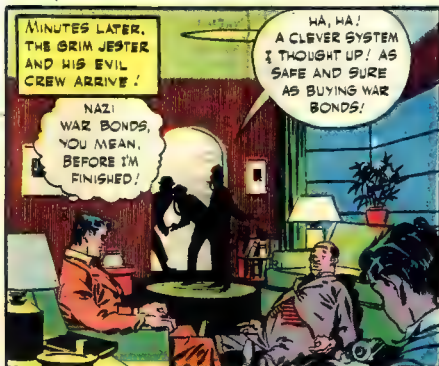
I'M JUST EMPTYING THE CHLOROFORM IN THE OPEN AIR AND LEAVING EVERYTHING ELSE INTACT! HE'LL BE HERE SOON! RING FOR ALFRED!

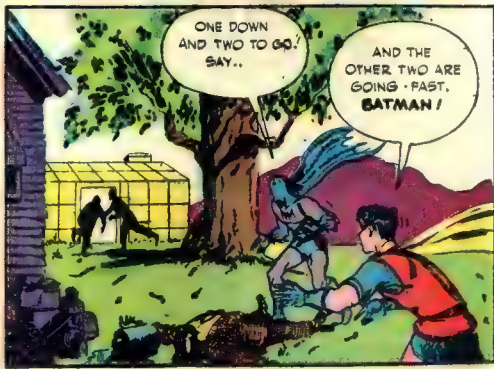
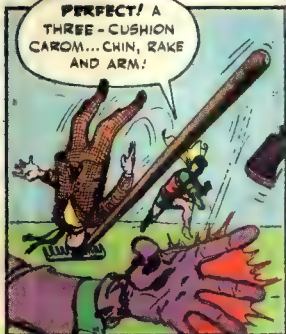
SWIFTLY BRUCE INSTRUCTS HIS BUTLER, ALFRED, THE ONLY PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO KNOWS THE TRUE IDENTITIES OF BATMAN AND ROBIN...

NEVER MIND THE FISTICUFFS, ALFRED! DON'T MAKE A SINGLE MOVE WHEN THE GANG COMES IN! OUR PLAN WOULD BE RUINED... AND THE JOKER WOULD CERTAINLY KILL US!

BUT THE JOKER! WHY DON'T WE OFFER RESISTANCE? MY PUGILISTIC INSTINCTS ARE AROUSED!







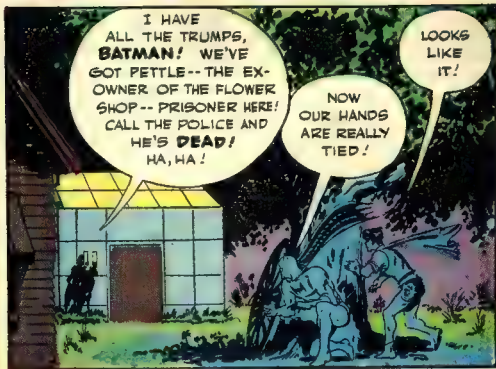
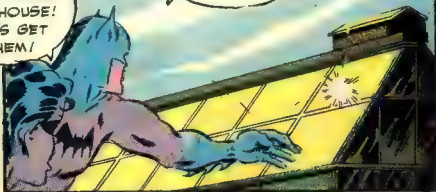




AS THE CLOAKED CRIME-BUSTERS STARE IN STARK SURPRISE ...

UH-HUH! I THOUGHT SO! BULLET-PROOF GLASS! THE JOKER'S NOT SO CRAZY!

HIDING OUT IN A GLASS HOTHOUSE! LET'S GET THEM!

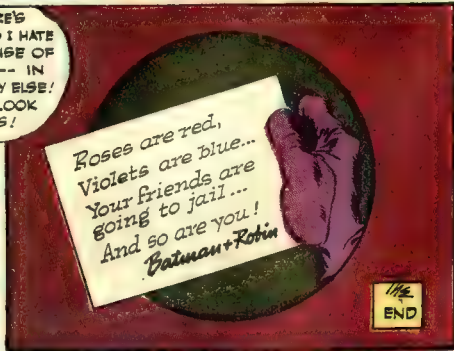
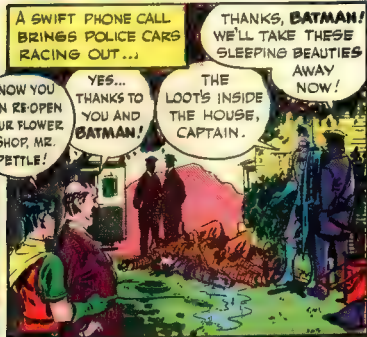
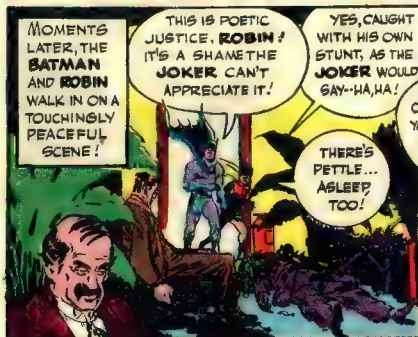
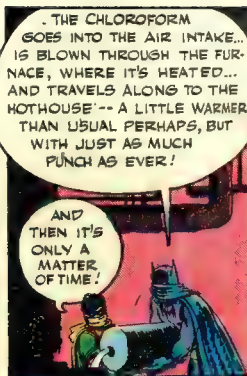
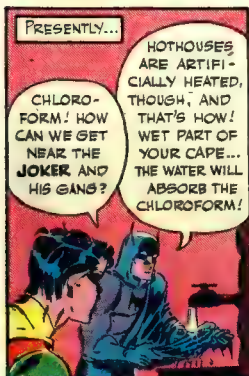


BUT THE CUNNING CRIME-CLOWN FORGETS HE'S DEALING WITH **BATMAN**--SHREWD, ALERT AND RESOURCEFUL...



UNDER A TORRENT OF LEAD, THE TORNADO TEAM REACHES SANCTUARY AT LAST ... IN THE PLANT NURSERY'S MAIN BUILDING ...







*Look!*  
**ALL THESE  
FREE**

**ALL AMERICAN  
FREE GIFT** *News*



**Popsicle\* Fudgicle\*  
CREAMSICLE\***

\* TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT OFF.

*The  
Delicious*

**FROZEN CONFECTIONS ON-A-STICK**

**ASK FOR COMPLETE PREMIUM  
GIFT LIST AT YOUR ICE CREAM STORE**

# The BOY COMMANDOS in "The INVASION OF AMERICA"

**ORDER OF THE DAY**  
THE BOY COMMANDOS  
WILL REPORT IMMEDIATELY  
TO THE UNDERSIGNED  
ABOARD THE U.S.S. STATE  
CITY, PREPARED FOR AN  
EXTRAORDINARY TOUR OF  
DUTY IN THE UNITED  
STATES OF AMERICA!

*Rip Carter*  
CAPTAIN

**A**T LAST...RIP CARTER'S DAREDEVIL CREW OF BOY COMMANDOS GETS A GOOD LOOK AT AMERICA... AND VICE VERSA! AND THANKS TO THE EFFICIENCY OF THE NAZI FIFTH COLUMN...IT IS NO ACCIDENT THAT THE VERY DAY OF THEIR TRIUMPHANT LANDING IN THE SHADOW OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY SEES THE SKULKING ARRIVAL OF MEN TRAINED IN THE TACTICS OF TERRORISM AND TREACHERY, PREPARED TO EXECUTE DER FUHRER'S MOST AMBITIOUS PLOT AGAINST THE LAND THAT GAVE DEMOCRACY TO THE WORLD! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT A GOOD-WILL TOUR OF A FRIENDLY NATION CAN BE EVERY BIT AS EXCITING AS A RAID INTO ENEMY TERRITORY...READ ON, AND GET YOUR SHARE OF THE THRILL OF THE MONTH!

by **JOE SIMON and JACK KIRBY**



**GET READY, AMERICA ..... THE  
COMMANDOS ARE COMING!**



**THE BOY  
COMMANDOS,  
TO BE  
EXACT...  
THOSE  
WORLD  
FAMOUS  
YOUNG  
VETERANS  
OF GLOBE-  
GIRDLING  
BATTLE-  
FRONTS...  
AND THEIR  
DASHING  
LEADER,  
CAPTAIN  
RIP  
CARTER!**

**LOOK...YA CAN SEE DA  
SKYLINE! AND OVER  
DAT WAY IS EBBET'S  
FAT WAY WHERE DA  
DOODGERS MADE  
HISTORY!**

**NEW YORK  
HAS SEEN  
A LOT OF  
HISTORY MADE  
IN THE LAST FOUR  
CENTURIES!**

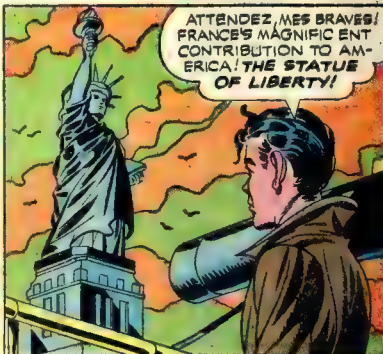


**PIONEERS FROM MY  
OWN HOLLAND FOUND-  
ED THE CITY! IT WAS  
KNOWN AS NEW  
AMSTERDAM  
THEN!**

**YES... BUT IT WAS  
H' ENGLISHMEN 'OO  
NYMED IT NEW YORK,  
H' AND MYDE H'IT ALMOST  
AS FINE A PLYCE H'AS  
DEAR OL' LUNNON!**



**ATTENDEZ, MES BRAVES!  
FRANCE'S MAGNIFICENT  
CONTRIBUTION TO AM-  
ERICA! THE STATUE  
OF LIBERTY!**



**MEN OF EVERY NATION, EVERY  
RACE, EVERY RELIGION, MADE  
AMERICA! THEY HAD DIFFER-  
ENT BACKGROUNDS, BUT ONE  
THING IN COMMON... AN UN-  
DYING FAITH IN THE DIGNITY  
OF MAN AND HIS RIGHT TO  
LIVE IN FREEDOM!**



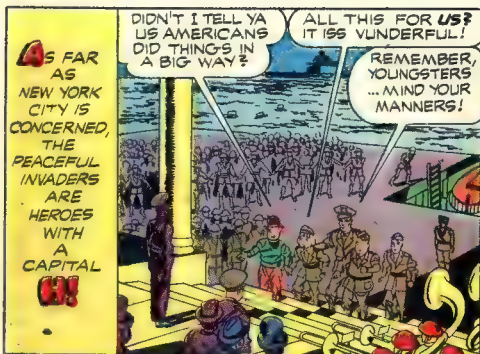
**AND THAT'S WHY YOU'VE  
BEEN SENT ON THIS GOOD-  
WILL TOUR! YOU AREN'T  
JUST ORDINARY HEROES...  
YOU REPRESENT FOUR  
GREAT NATIONS UNITED  
FOR THE LIBERATION OF  
THE WORLD!**



**DID YE  
'EAR THAT?  
'E SAYS  
WE'RE  
'HEROES!!**

**YOUSE  
LIMEYS IS  
SLOW TO CATCH  
ON! ANY MUGG  
WOT GETS INTA  
DIS SCRAP IS  
A HERO!**





**AS FAR AS NEW YORK CITY IS CONCERNED, THE PEACEFUL INVADERS ARE HEROES WITH A CAPITAL CH!**

DIDN'T I TELL YA US AMERICANS DID THINGS IN A BIG WAY?

ALL THIS FOR US? IT ISS VUNDERFUL!

REMEMBER, YOUNGSTERS... MIND YOUR MANNERS!

THE PRESIDENT HAS ASKED ME TO CONVEY HIS PERSONAL CONGRATULATIONS AND TELL YOU HE IS EAGERLY AWAITING YOUR VISIT TO THE WHITE HOUSE!

IT IS A GREAT HONOR, GENERAL!

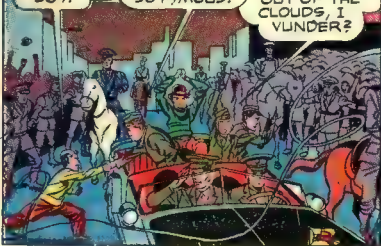
ZE CHIEF OF STAFF!

THE TRIUMPHANT PROCESSION UP BROADWAY IS AS EXCITING, IN ITS WAY, AS A RAID ON AN ENEMY FORTRESS...

I KNOW YOU... YOU'RE ALFY THE ENGLISH BOY!

**BLIMEY!** H'I 'AD NO IDEA H'I WAS SO FYMOUS!

VOT IFF VUN OF THOSE TOWERS SHOULD FALL OUT OF THE CLOUDS, I VUNDER?



AND THE TRADITIONAL RECEPTION AT CITY HALL SEES MANY FAMOUS FIGURES THERE...

AS MAYOR OF THIS CITY, IT IS MY PRIVILEGE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO SOME OF OUR AMERICAN HEROES!

OTHERS CHISELIN' IN ON OUR PARTY? WHY...

**BROOKLYN!**



HERE ARE **THE SANDMAN AND SANDY!** THEY'RE FIGHTING A WAR, TOO... AGAINST CRIME... TO MAKE MEN'S DREAMS OF PEACE AND JUSTICE COME TRUE!

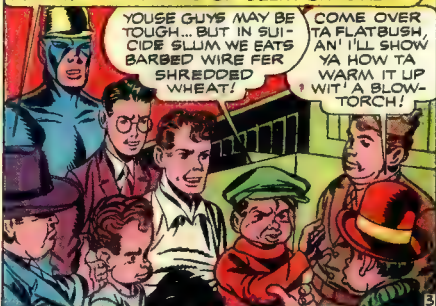
YOU'RE KEEPING ALIVE THE SAME DREAM, YOU KNOW!



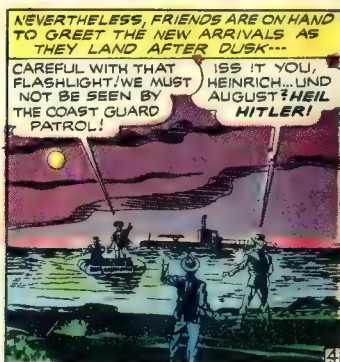
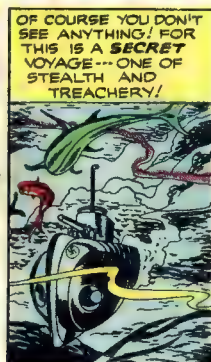
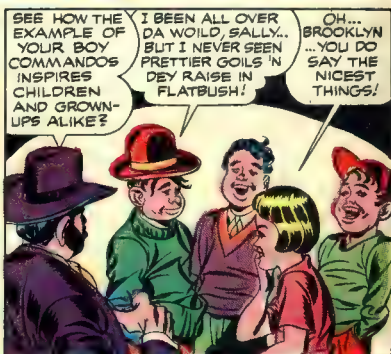
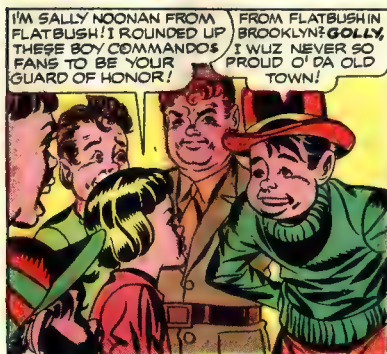
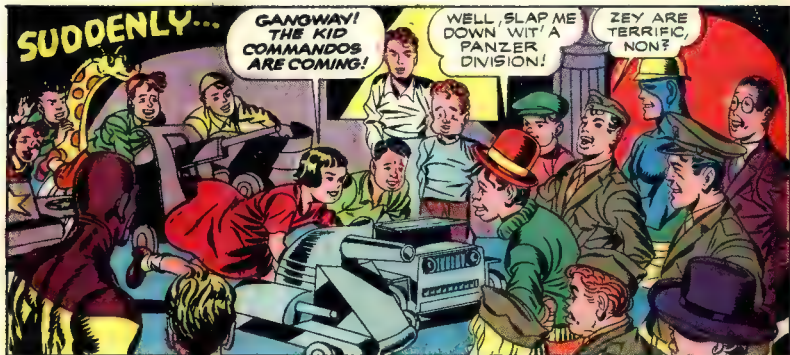
THE NEWS BOY LEGIONNAIRES AND THEIR GUARDIAN ARE FIGHTING THE BATTLE AGAINST CRIME AND POVERTY FOR MILLIONS OF SLUM CHILDREN!

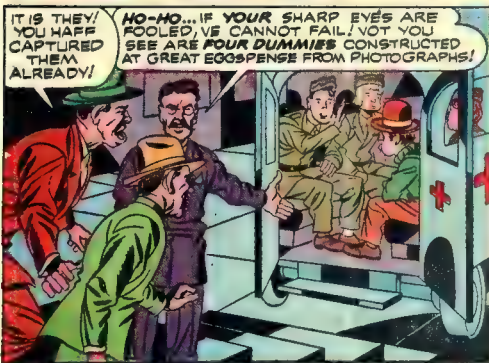
YOUSE GUYS MAY BE TOUGH... BUT IN SUICIDE SLUM WE EATS BARBED WIRE FER SHREDDED WHEAT!

COME OVER TA FLATBUSH, AN' I'LL SHOW YA HOW TA WARM IT UP WIT' A BLOW-TORCH!











LATER, AS AN ELABORATE FLOAT IS ABOUT TO LEAVE  
ANOTHER GARAGE TO TAKE PART IN A GALA EVENT...

ISS THIS DER FLOAT  
THAT ISS TO CARRY  
DER BOY COMMANDOS  
IN DER PARADE?

YEAH... AIN'T  
SHE A BEAUTY?  
I DES'GNED  
HER MYSELF!

ONE SIDE,  
BUD... WE'RE  
STARTIN'  
FER TH'  
RITZ-PLAZA  
HOTEL  
RIGHT NOW!

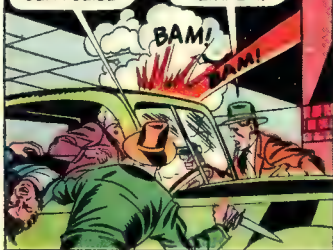
ON THE  
CONTRARY,  
SHVEIN... YOU  
ARE REMAIN-  
ING HERE!

WHAT'S THE  
IDEA? PUT THAT  
GUN AWAY,  
YOU IDIOT!!



WHY DIDN'T YOU  
USE A KNIFE?  
VOT IF DOT  
SHOOTING  
ATTRACTS  
DER POLICE?

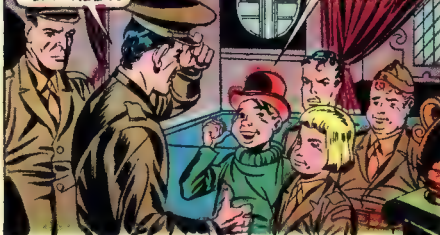
HE CALLED ME AN  
IDIOT... ME, VUN OF  
DER LEADER'S MOST  
TRUSTED SERVANTS!  
I-I LOST MY  
TEMPER!



LATER, AT THE RITZ-PLAZA.....

YOU BOYS WILL HAVE TO  
RIDE ON THE FLOAT  
ALONE... THE ADMIRAL  
AND I MIGHT GET SEA-  
SICK AFTER THAT  
BANQUET!

LET'S GET DA PARADE  
OVER WIT' IN A HURRY!  
I WANNA HAVE DA BOYS  
MEET ME OLD PALS  
IN BROOKLYN!!



AHOY, MATIES...  
H'I FEELS LIKE  
LORD NELSON  
AT TRAFALGAR!

WEETH ZEES  
WOODEN  
GUNS YOU  
COULD NOT  
SHOOT DOWN  
A DUCK!

BON VOYAGE,  
GANG! I'LL  
BE RIGHT  
BEHIND TO  
RESCUE YOU  
WHEN YOU FALL  
OVERBOARD!



FLARING TORCHES CAST A LURIC GLARE  
OVER A DRAMATIC PROCESSION WHICH  
MOVES UP FAMOUS FIFTH AVENUE....

HEY, SALLY! AIN'T YA  
AFRAID DAT AMBERLANCE  
AHEAD'LL GIVE YA  
COMPETITION!

IF YOU FALL  
OFF, WE'LL GET  
TO YOU FIRST!



**SUDDENLY, THICK BLACK SMOKE ERUPTS FROM THE EXHAUST OF THE AMBULANCE!**

VOT DO VE NEED A SMOKE SCREEN FOR?

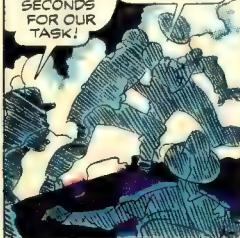
SOMEZING EES WRONG WEETH ZE MOTOR OF ZE CAR AHEAD!



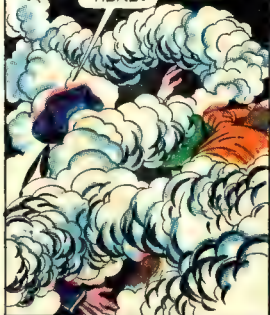
**UNDER COVER OF THE GREASY FOG, SWIFT FIGURES RISE FROM BENEATH THE DECK OF THE DESTROYER FLOAT!**

QUICKLY, BRUNO...VE HAFF ONLY SECONDS FOR OUR TASK!

HUH? WHO'S DAT?... WH--- OHH-HH!



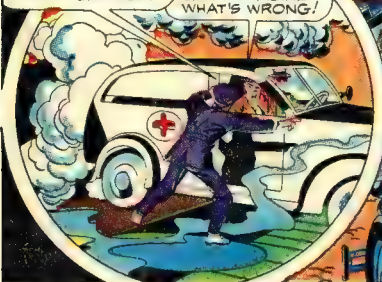
**HURRY! PASS DER DUMMIES UND LET'S GET OUDT OF HERE!**



**WITHIN A SPACE OF SECONDS...**

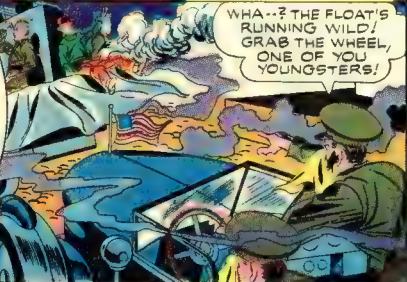
GET THAT CHIMNEY OUT OF HERE! TAKE IT TO A GARAGE!

I'M SORRY, OFFICER... I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT'S WRONG!



**MINUTES LATER, A DISGUISED NAZI PILOT SLIPS FROM BENEATH THE WHEELS OF THE FLOAT, AND A MAKE-BELIEVE SHIP WITH A MAKE-BELIEVE CREW VEERS RECKLESSLY WITHOUT A PILOT...**

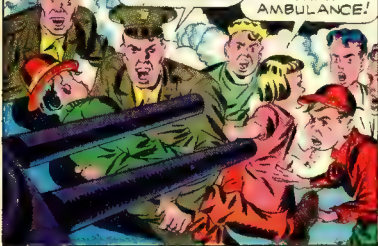
WHA--? THE FLOAT'S RUNNING WILD! GRAB THE WHEEL, ONE OF YOU YOUNGSTERS!



**DUMMIES! BUT WHERE ARE THE BOYS?**

IT SEEMS FANTASTIC... BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER... **THEY'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED!**

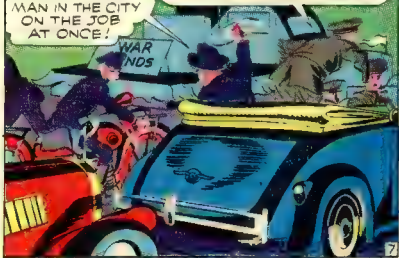
HEAR THAT, GANG? WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO...AND WE'RE STARTING BY HUNTING FOR THAT AMBULANCE!



**NEWS OF THE AUDACIOUS CRIME SPREADS UP AND DOWN THE LINE OF MARCH LIKE WILDFIRE---**

I WON'T STAND FOR IT! PUT EVERY POLICEMAN IN THE CITY ON THE JOB AT ONCE!

CALL G2... INTELLIGENCE... AND THE F.B.I.. THIS MAY BE A NAZI TRICK!

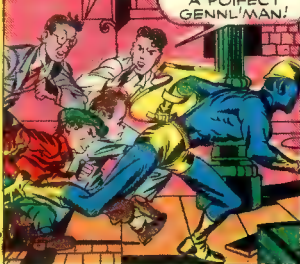




UNOFFICIAL  
CHAMPIONS  
OF LAW  
AND  
ORDER  
LIKEWISE  
SWING  
INTO ACTION!  
AMONG  
THEM THE  
MIGHTY  
**GUARDIAN**,  
AND  
HIS  
COMRADES  
OF THE  
**NEWSBOY  
LEGION!**

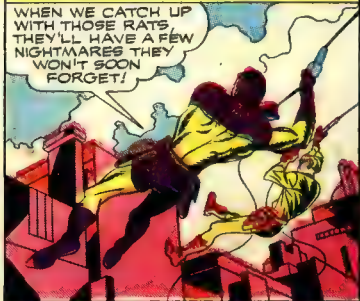
IT IS INCONCEIVABLE  
THAT SUCH AN  
OUTRAGE SHOULD  
BE COUNTEANANCED!

QUIT CALLIN'  
'EM NAMES  
BIG WOIDS!  
DAT KID  
BROOKLYN IS  
A POIFECT  
GENNL'MAN!



AMAZING WIREPOON GUNS BEAR THE  
SPECTACULAR **SANDMAN** AND **SANDY**  
UP AMONG THE CITY'S ROOFTOPS!

WHEN WE CATCH UP  
WITH THOSE RATS,  
THEY'LL HAVE A FEW  
NIGHTMARES THEY  
WON'T SOON  
FORGET!



AND A DETERMINED CORP OF SMALL BUT  
EAGLE-EYED KID COMMANDOS MAPS OUT  
A CAMPAIGN...

REMEMBER, ONE OF THEM  
IS A BROOKLYN KID---  
EACH OF YOU TAKE A  
SEPARATE STREET AND  
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN  
AND DON'T FORGET  
TH' SIGNAL!

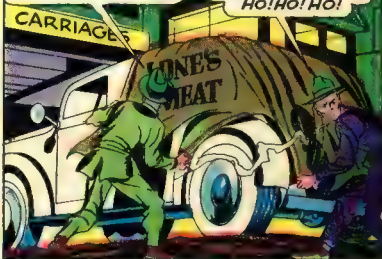
**WE GOTCHA,  
SALLY!**



MEANWHILE... IN A DESERTED CARRIAGE  
HOUSE NEAR THE PARADE ROUTE...

THEY WILL BE LOOKING  
FOR AN AMBULANCE,  
NOT A MEAT TRUCK!

A MEAT TRUCK...  
LOADED MIT TOUGH  
YOUNG SCHVEIN...  
**HO! HO! HO!**

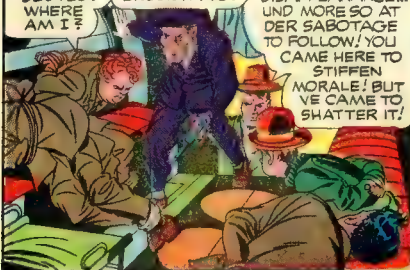


PAINFUL CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO THE  
CAPTURED QUARTET...

WOT 'O!!  
ME 'EAD'S  
BUSTED!  
WHERE  
AM I?

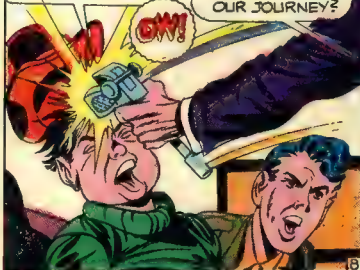
ON YOUR WAY  
TO BERLIN,  
ENGLISH PIG!

AMERICA WILL BE  
SHOCKED AT YOUR  
DISAPPEARANCE...  
UND MORE SO AT  
DER SABOTAGE  
TO FOLLOW! YOU  
CAME HERE TO  
STIFFEN  
MORALE! BUT  
VE CAME TO  
SHATTER IT!



YA DOITY NAZIS!  
PUT DOWN DEM  
RODS, AN' I'LL TAKE  
ON YER WHOLE  
GANG! YA CAN'T...

KEEP SILENT...OR  
MUST VE BEAT  
YOU UNCONSCIOUS  
AGAIN BEFORE  
VE CONTINUE  
OUR JOURNEY?



BUT NOT EVEN ENFORCED SILENCE CAN KEEP THE RESOURCEFUL BOY COMMANDOS FROM COMMUNICATING WITH ONE ANOTHER! THEIR EYELIDS BLINK RHYTHMICALLY, FORMING INTERNATIONAL MORSE CODE SIGNALS!

BETTER TO DIE FIGHTING...

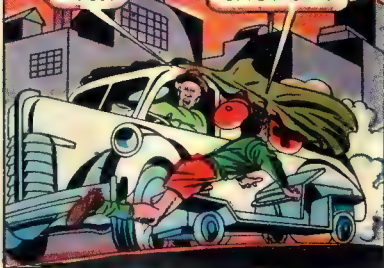
WAIT! WE GET TO THEIR HIDEOUT—I'VE GOT A IDEA...



AT A NEARBY CORNER A MIDGET JEEP NEARLY COMES TO A TRAGIC END---

LOOK OUT, FOOL!

GOLLY! YA'D TINK DAT GUY OWNED DA STREET!



THERE WUZ A RED CROSS UNDER THAT CANVAS COVERING LIFTED FROM THAT TRUCK! GOSH! I'LL BET THAT'S THE AMBULANCE WE'RE HUNTING! AND SOMETHING FELL OUT OF THE BACK, AND...



A SHRILL WHISTLE... THREE SHORTS AND A LONG, AS IN THE V FOR VICTORY CODE SIGNAL... ECHOES THROUGH THE STREETS...

I GOTTA CALL DA GANG!... WHEE--EET! WHEE--EE--EET!



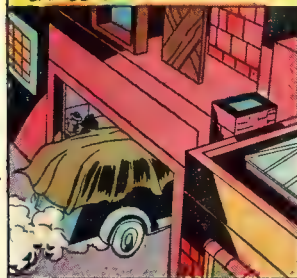
...AND INSTANTLY THE MECHANIZED UNITS OF THE KID COMMANDOS BEGIN TO CONVERGE ON THE SCENE!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE SLATS MCGUINNESS! MAYBE HE'S FOUND SOMETHING!

GANG-WAY!!



IN THE STREET BEHIND THE CIDER SHOP THAT IS THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ENEMY AGENTS, A WAREHOUSE SWALLOWS THE CAMOUFLAGED AMBULANCE...

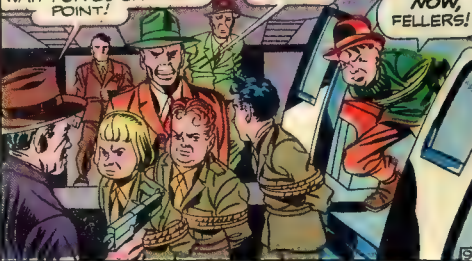


AT THE FOOT OF A LONG RAMP---

COME OUT, SCHVEIN! HERR DOKTOR GRUENIGG WILL ENTERTAIN YOU WHILE WE RADIO OUR SUBMARINE TO WAIT FOR US OFF PARK POINT!

PERHAPS HE WILL TELL YOU OF HIS PLANS FOR DYNAMITING THE SUBWAYS AT THE RUSH HOUR TOMORROW NIGHT!

NOW, FELLERS!







VE VILL  
SHOW  
THE NAZI  
DOGS!

YA TOOK DA VOIDS  
OUTA ME-MOUTH,  
JAN... ONLY I'DA MADE  
'EM STRONGER!



IF I HAD THE STRENGTH  
OF A THOUSAND MEN, THIS  
BLOW WOULD NOT BEGIN TO  
EXPRESS MY HATRED FOR  
THE NAZI BEAST!



BLIMEY! THIS IS  
FUN! EVERY TIME  
I JUMPS ON 'IM,  
OI BOUNCES!

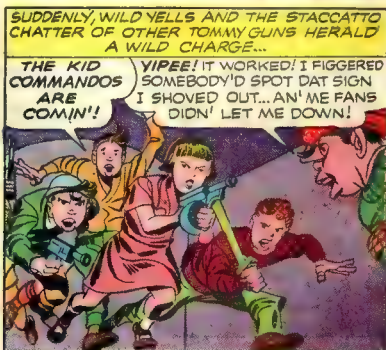
OH!



HALT!! FROM  
WHERE I STAND  
I CAN KILL YOU  
ALL BEFORE YOU  
COULD TAKE  
THREE STEPS  
TOWARD ME!

S'HELP ME,  
TH' BLIGHTER  
H' AIN'T  
SPOOFIN'!

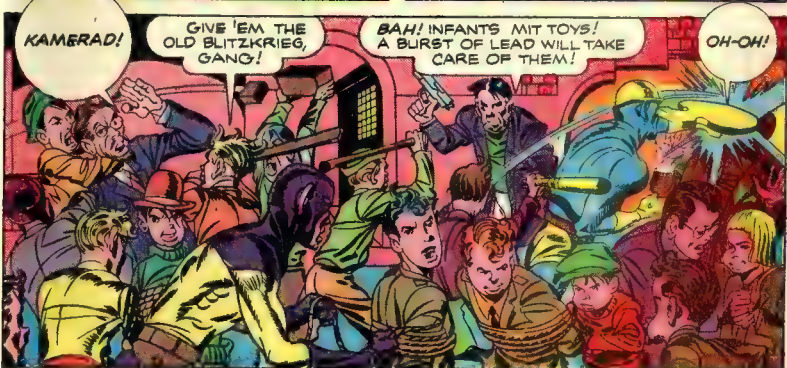
CHEE... WE  
AIN'T  
GOT A  
CHANCE  
IN A  
MILLYUN,  
UNLESS...



SUDDENLY, WILD YELLS AND THE STACCATO  
CHATTER OF OTHER TOMMY GUNS HERALD  
A WILD CHARGE...

THE KID  
COMMANDOS  
ARE  
COMIN'!

YIPEE! IT WORKED! I FIGGERED  
SOMEBODY'D SPOT DAT SIGN  
I SHOVED OUT... AN' ME FANS  
DIDN' LET ME DOWN!

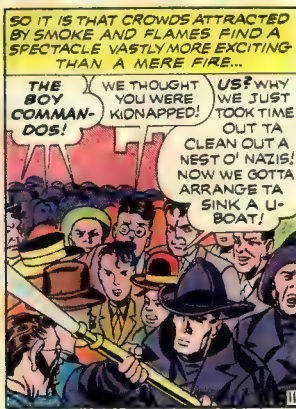
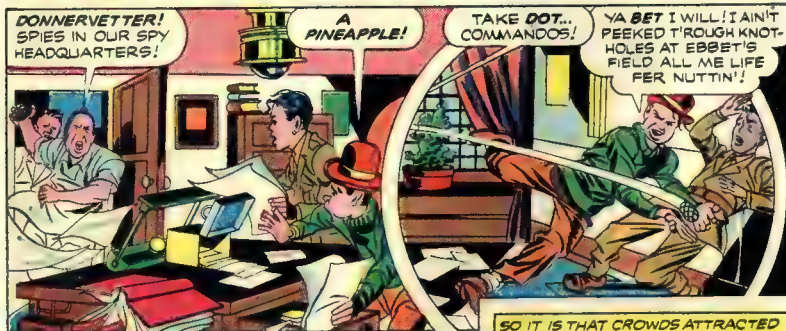


KAMERAD!

GIVE 'EM THE  
OLD BLITZKRIEG,  
GANG!

BAH! INFANTS MIT TOYS!  
A BURST OF LEAD WILL TAKE  
CARE OF THEM!

OH-OH!





PRESENTLY... ABOARD A UNITED STATES DESTROYER...

RADIO REPORTS A GERMAN U-BOAT WAITING OFF PARK POINT FOR NAZI AGENTS WHO HAVE ALREADY BEEN CAPTURED, SIR...

WHAT COULD BE SWEETER! FULL SPEED AHEAD!

JA WOHL... SOON DER FUEHRER'S SPECIAL AGENTS SHOULD BE BRINGING US DER BOY COMMANDOS!

HERR CAPTAIN, LOOK!! A YANKEE DESTROYER!



THAT'S THAT! ONE MORE SNEAK-KILLER WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT!



SINCE MY COUNTRY ENTERED THE WAR, IT HAS BEEN MY GOOD FORTUNE TO MEET MANY HEROES... BUT NONE HAVE BEEN MORE HEROIC THAN YOU!

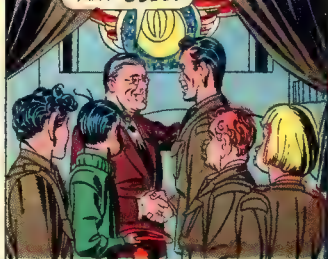
M'SIEU, LE PRESIDENT, ZIS IS ZE PROUDEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE!

BLIMEY!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN WASHINGTON...

I FELT SURE YOUR VISIT WOULD INSPIRE THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES... BUT I DIDN'T DARE HOPE YOU WOULD GIVE US SUCH A PERFECT DEMONSTRATION OF WHAT SKILL, COURAGE AND DETERMINATION CAN ACCOMPLISH AGAINST ANY ODDS!



YOU CAN'T GO WRONG ON THE BEST!  
*The*  
**BOY COMMANDOS**

Detective Comics  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS  
BOY COMMANDOS

APPEAR IN THREE OF THE BIGGEST SELLING COMIC MAGAZINES IN THE WORLD!

ARE YOU BUYING WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS REGULARLY?

# THE CRIMSON AVENGER

BY JACK LEHTI

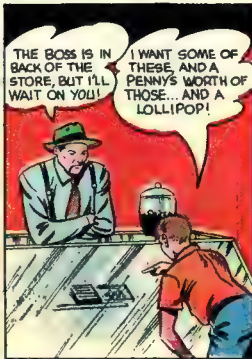
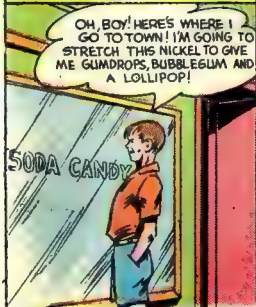
THERE IS NO LIMIT TO THE IN-  
GENUITY OF CRIMINALS...GUNS, KNIVES,  
PIECES OF METAL, COINS, STONES...  
THEY HAVE USED ALL THESE TO  
HELP COMMIT THEIR NEFARIOUS  
DEEDS! BUT IT TAKES THE CLEVER-  
NESS OF THE WILY WEASEL TO THINK  
OF DEFYING THE LAW WITH THE AID  
OF AN ORDINARY PIECE OF CANDY!  
THE WEASEL'S CRIME CAREER IS  
STUDDED WITH SUCCESSES...UNTIL  
THE CRIMSON AVENGER PUTS HIS  
KEEN MIND TO WORK, IN AN EFFORT  
TO SOLVE..

IN **THE CASE OF THE  
LOLLIPOP CRIMES** BY





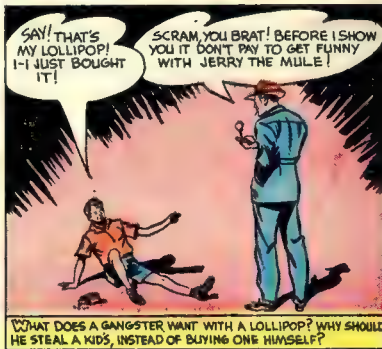
MEET CHARLIE JONES, WHO LIKE ALL ORDINARY KIDS, GOES FOR CANDY... AND UN-LIKE ORDINARY KIDS - HAS A NICKEL!



AS CHARLIE IS LEAVING, A ROUGH LOOKING MAN BRUSHES BY HIM...



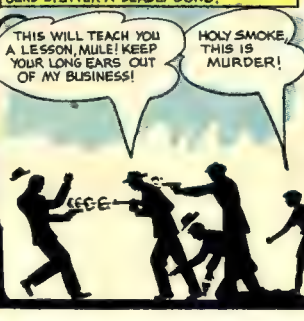
A FEW SECONDS LATER...

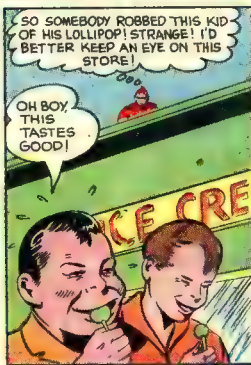
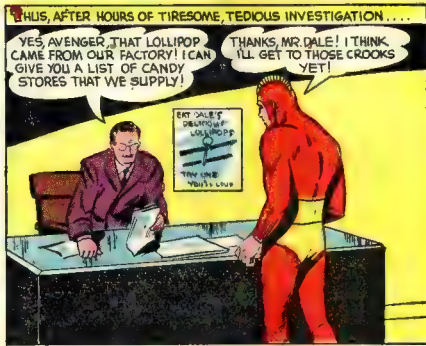
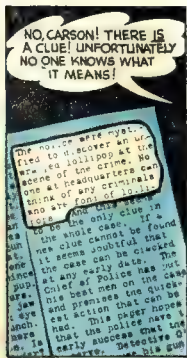
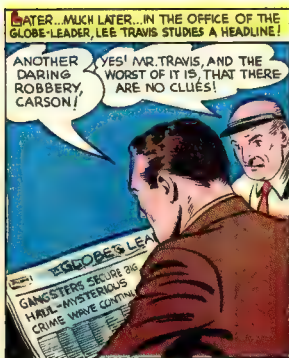
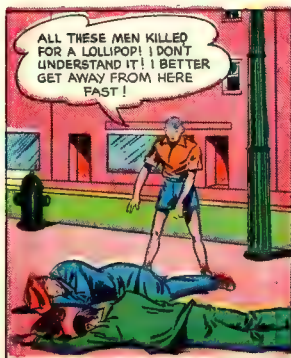


SUDDENLY, ANOTHER SINISTER FIGURE APPEARS ON THE SCENE!



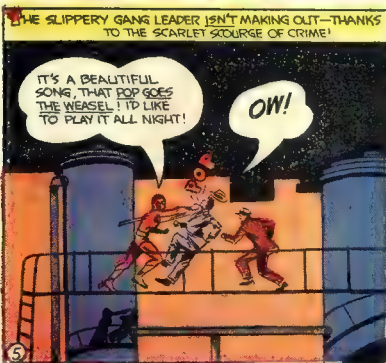
A SPLATTER OF GUNFIRE SPLITS THE AIR! TOMMY-GUNS STUTTER A DEADLY SONG!









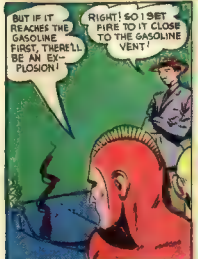
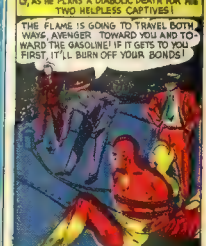




**A MENACING FIGURE SNEAKS UP ON THE UNSUSPECTING AVENGER!**



**THE CUNNING WEASEL GLORES TRIUMPHANTLY, AS HE PLANS A DIABOLIC DEATH FOR HIS TWO HELPLESS CAPTIVES!**



**OPEN STRANDS BURN BRIGHTLY IN A TENSE RACE AGAINST DEATH!**



**AS THE AVENGER'S BONDS DROP OFF...**

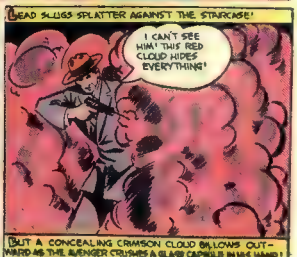
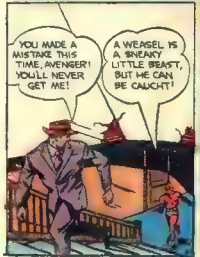
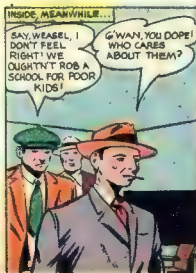


**DAYS LATER, AFTER AN UNCEASING YELL...**

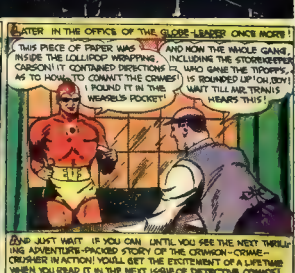
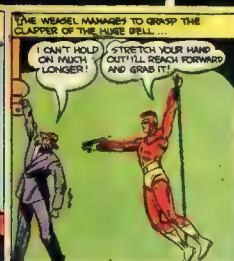
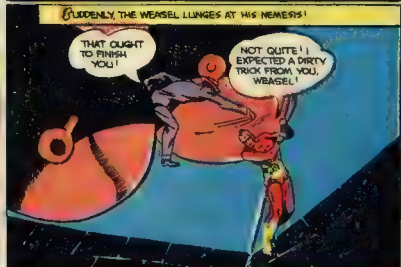
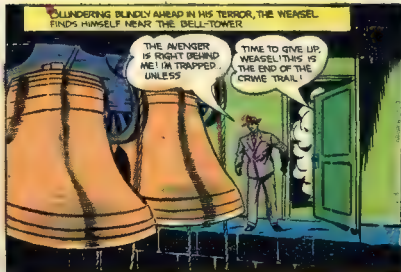
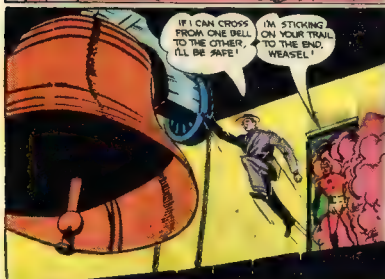
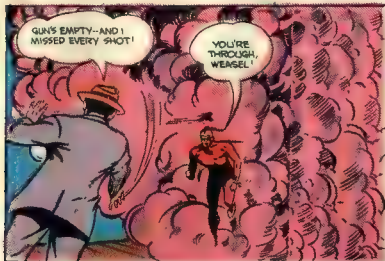


**SHORTCUTTING ACROSS ROOFTOPS, THE TWO CRIME-CHASERS PURSUE THEIR UNSUSPECTING QUARRY!**



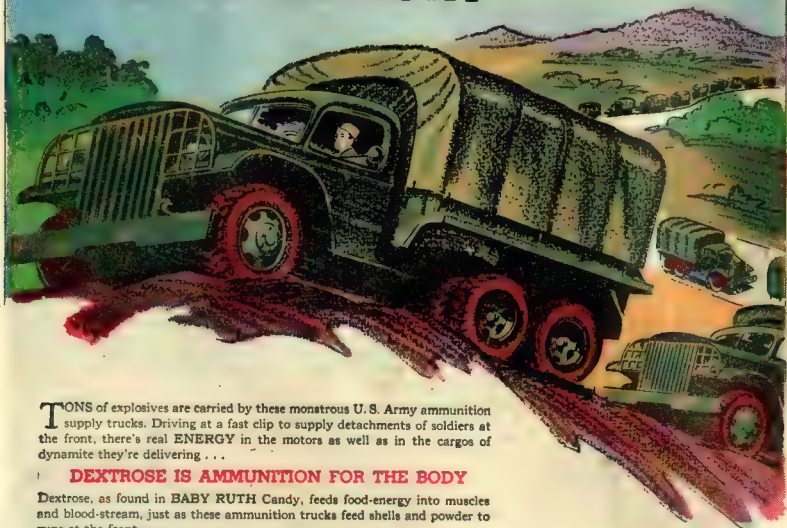






END JUST WAIT! IF YOU CAN, UNTIL YOU SEE THE NEXT THRILLING ADVENTURE-PACKED STORY OF THE CRIMINAL CRUSHER IN ACTION! YOU'LL GET THE EXCITEMENT OF A LIFETIME WHEN YOU READ IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF DETECTIVE COMICS!

# ENERGY IS AMMUNITION!



**T**ONS of explosives are carried by these monstrous U. S. Army ammunition supply trucks. Driving at a fast clip to supply detachments of soldiers at the front, there's real **ENERGY** in the motors as well as in the cargos of dynamite they're delivering . . .

## DEXTROSE IS AMMUNITION FOR THE BODY

Dextrose, as found in **BABY RUTH** Candy, feeds food-energy into muscles and blood-stream, just as these ammunition trucks feed shells and powder to guns at the front . . .

## BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE

Popular **BABY RUTH** Candy is rich in other food-values, too, such as fats, protein, other carbohydrates . . . That's why it's energy-ammunition for you in your athletics or salvage drives! Eat a mouth-watering, delicious **BABY RUTH** any time to help your body energy!

**CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods.**  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



TELL MOTHER YOU'D LIKE  
THESE DELICIOUS COOKIES  
—SO EASY TO MAKE  
WITH TASTY **BABY RUTH**  
RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER



If you cannot find **BABY RUTH** on the candy counter one day, try again the next. Naturally, Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with you.



# SPY



THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT, VEILED BY A HEAVY FOG, STEALS A PHANTOM SHIP ON A MISSION OF DESTRUCTION! ONLY ONE MAN STANDS BETWEEN IT AND THE FULFILLMENT OF A FIENDISH PLOT—BART REGAN! AND MENACING PERIL IS IN STORE FOR THE ACE TROUBLE-SHOOTER AS HE SETS OUT TO CRACK THE RIDDLE OF THE ----

**"DECKS OF DOOM!"**

IN THE F.B.I. OFFICES OF BART REGAN'S CHIEF----

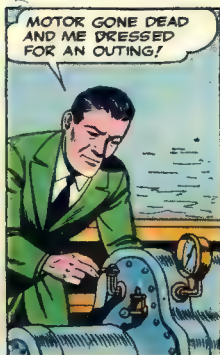
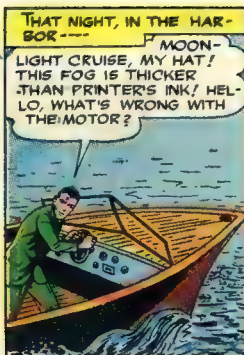
YOU'RE IN FOR A TREAT TONIGHT, BART! A NICE MOON-LIGHT SPIN AROUND THE BAY!

SKIP THE BUILDUP CHIEF! WHAT'S COOKIN'?

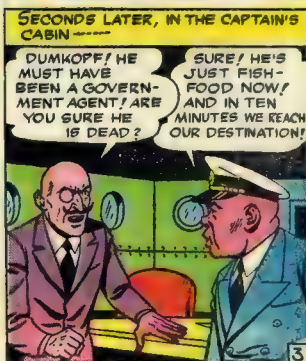
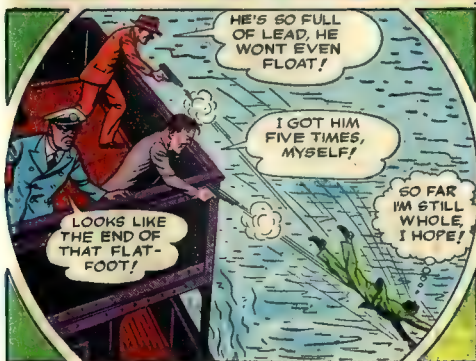
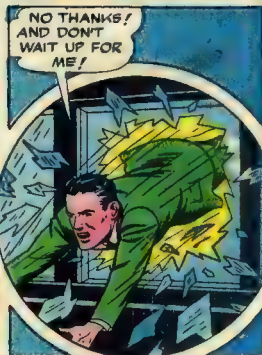
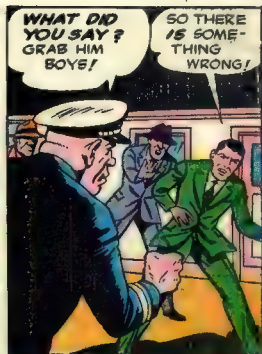
THAT'S WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW! STRANGE MEN HAVE BEEN SPOTTED HANGING AROUND THE DOCKS! YOUR JOB WILL BE TO CRUISE AROUND THE HARBOR IN A MOTOR LAUNCH AND REPORT ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS BY RADIO!

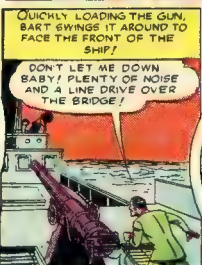
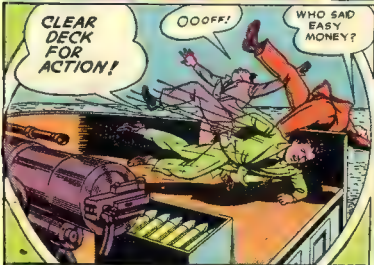
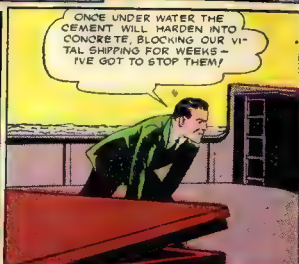
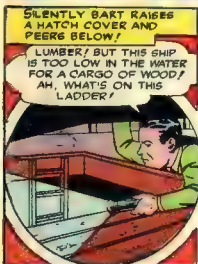
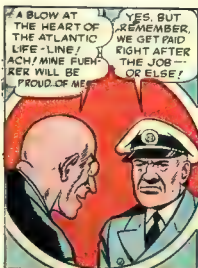
OKAY, MAC, I'LL TAKE MY KNITTING ALONG!



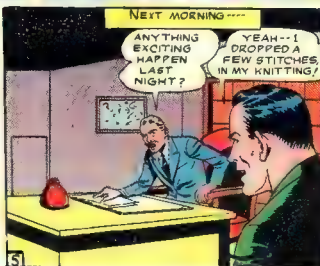
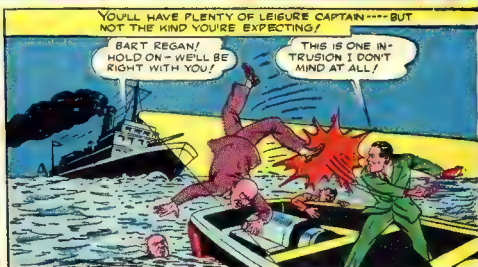
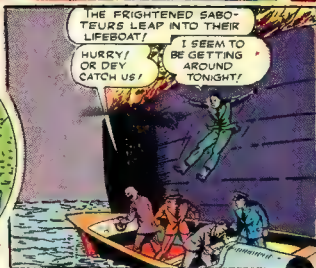
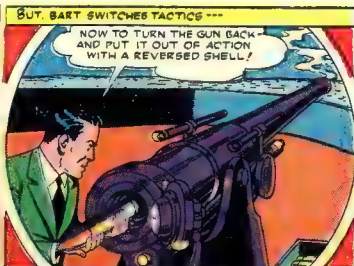












# AIR WAVE

WIZARD OF WIRELESS AND MASTER OF RADIO MAGIC, AIR WAVE HAS TURNED MANY AN EVIL-DOER OVER TO THE LAW! BUT THEN HE MEETS A CRAFTY CROOK KNOWN AS THE TALKER, AND HIMSELF FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF THE POLICE!

UNBELIEVABLE? THEN SEE FOR YOURSELF AS AIR WAVE IS FACED TO MATCH WITS WITH THAT CUNNING CONNIVER...

**THE MAN WHO  
TALKED HIS CRIMES!**

GEORGE  
ROUSSEAU



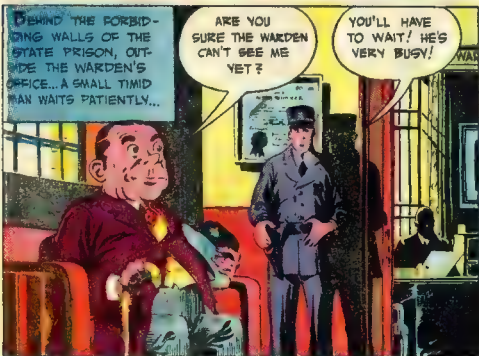
BEHIND THE FORBIDDING WALLS OF THE STATE PRISON, OUTSIDE THE WARDEN'S OFFICE... A SMALL TIMID MAN WAITS PATIENTLY...

ARE YOU SURE THE WARDEN CAN'T SEE ME YET?

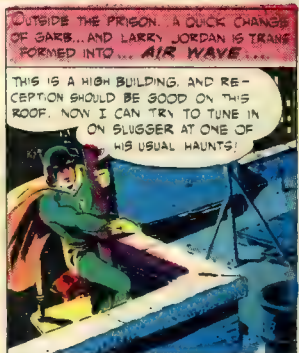
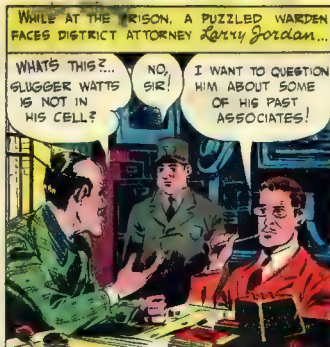
YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT! HE'S VERY BUSY!

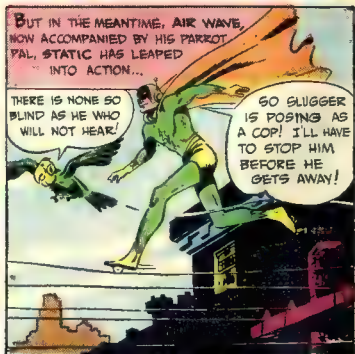
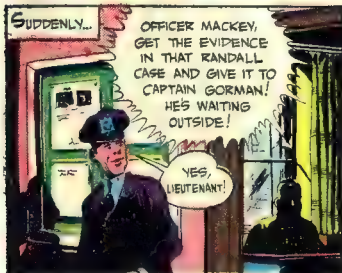
BROWN, TAKE SLUGGER WATTS OUT OF HIS CELL, AND GO WITH HIM WHILE HE VISITS HIS MOTHER! SHE'S SICK AND WANTS TO SEE HIM!

YES, SIR!







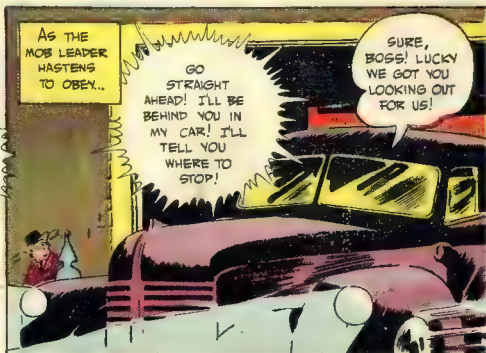
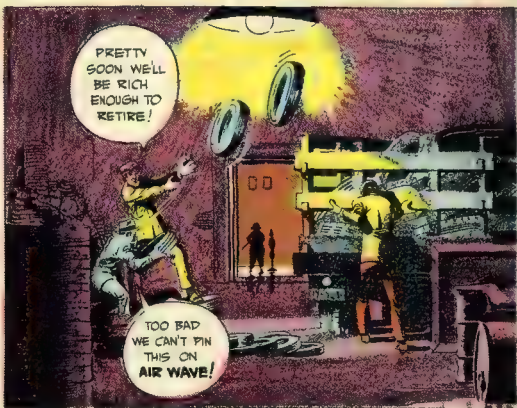












WHILE THE ASTONISHED TALKER  
STARES OPEN-MOUTHED!



HEY...I CAN'T  
STAND HIGH  
PLACES! PUT  
ME DOWN!

AND NOW,  
WE'RE GOING TO  
SEE THIS  
TOWN TO-  
GETHER!



IN THE MEANTIME, THE  
MOB LEADER HAS BEEN  
FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.



AS THE  
THIEVES  
DESCEND INTO  
THE STREET!



IT'S TIME  
YOUR FRIEND GOT  
INTO THINGS,  
SLUGGER, INSTEAD  
OF JUST LOOKING  
ON!



LATER...  
AS THE  
ASTONISHED  
POLICE  
ARRIVE?

I'M TURNING IN THE REAL CROOKS  
THIS TIME! THIS LITTLE MAN IS A  
VENTRILOQUIST, BUT I IMITATED HIS  
VOICE AND BROADCAST TO METAL  
OBJECTS DIRECTING HIS MEN TO  
COME HERE! IF HE DON'T CONFESS...

I'LL CONFESS!  
BUT DON'T TAKE  
ME UP ON  
THOSE TELE-  
GRAPH WIRES  
AGAIN!



NEXT  
DAY...  
IN THE  
WARDEN'S  
OFFICE!

SURE, MR. JORDAN,  
YOU COULD SPEAK TO  
SLUGGER NOW, EVERYTHING IS  
EXPLAINED...HE'S IN HIS CELL..  
YOU CAN THANK AIR WAVE  
FOR THAT!



BROADCAST YOUR VOICE AGAINST  
THE JAPANAZIS BY BUYING  
WAR BONDS and STAMPS.



# MOUNTAIN INVASION

by Dan Wallace

HE WAS quite young, this lad guarding the entrance to the mountain hide-out. But if you were close enough to look into his eyes, you would see the heart of a man. Yes, a sorrowing heart. This boy's name was Nikol and his country was being ravaged by the gray-clad hordes that had pillaged and plundered and murdered.

Up here, in the hills, the Chetniks waited. And Nikol was among those in the famed band led by Big Josef Szokoli, who had been a blacksmith in the boy's village. A half-smile flickered across the boy's face as he recalled that even this evening Big Josef had warned him again. "You must ever be on the alert during sentry duty," Big Josef had told Nikol. "Particularly now that we have the Nazis frightened. I heard today that one of their famous Gestapo chieftains, Schmidt, has sworn to find our hiding place and wipe us out."

Be alert? Nikol's shoulders went back. What Chetnik was not always alert: for whom could one trust today? He thought sorrowfully of the classmates with whom he had attended dental college in Prague. Some of them had been Germans and now they, too, were Nazis. Killers!—

Nikol's fingers tightened around the rifle butt. Then, suddenly, his body tensed. A sharp report had come from far down the valley. Like a rifle shot. For a long moment, Nikol stood listening. Gun reports were no novelty to him.

Silently, he resumed his pacing, breathing deeply of the sharp, mountain air. It was about an hour later when he heard the first faint sound of someone coming up the secret path.

He listened, every muscle tensed. Yes—it was true. There

was someone there. But who? The scouts? They were not due back yet. They had gone down to finish plans for releasing Janos and Herra from the jail in which the Nazis had confined them. The day after tomorrow the two patriots were to be shot.

Quickly, Nikol touched the long cord which stretched above his head. The other end of the cord connected with a tiny bell, hung over the sleeping bags of the Chetniks.

Big Josef, his black, bushy beard appearing even more formidable in the pale light of the moon, appeared first. He was an enormous man, with muscles of steel.

"There is someone coming up the secret trail," Nikol whispered.

Big Josef's body tensed. Suddenly, there came the soft "whoop" of an owl. Thrice this was repeated, and Big Josef smiled. "Friends," he said. "But let us be prepared anyway." He gave a signal. The heavily-armed Chetniks who had been roused from their sleep seemed to melt into the shadows.

"Give the challenge," Big Josef whispered to Nikol.

The boy did as directed, his hand on the trigger of the rifle. From the shadows came a voice: "It is I, Janos. I have Herra with me, and a friend."

Big Josef's bulk loomed large. "Go to the fire, Janos," he directed. His voice sounded angry and Nikol, despite himself, trembled. It had been foolish for Janos and Herra to bring a stranger here.

And then he saw that Janos and Herra were carrying someone between them. His body tingled with excitement as the shadowy forms passed him by, moved toward the tiny fire around which the sleeping bags had been placed. What had happened? How had Janos and Herra managed to get free?

In the two hours that follow-

ed, he asked himself that question many times as he impatiently waited for his relief. When at last the relief sentry came, Nikol hurried to the council fire. Big Josef was seated in the center of a ring of Chetniks. To his right sat the stranger and now, seeing him for the first time, Nikol saw a Slav peasant. Blood still flowed through the fresh bandage that had been placed on the man's wound. Beneath the matted beard, a startlingly white face showed and the man's eyes, in the firelight, were sunken. But patiently he answered the questions Big Josef was putting to him. The other men seated in the council also fired questions at the peasant, who though bewildered, tried to answer them.

A Chetnik seated next to Nikol whispered:

"I believe he is one of us. But Big Josef must be sure. Tonight, the old peasant managed to get within reaching distance of a Nazi guard's revolver. He ripped open the man's skull and, taking the keys, made his escape with Janos and Herra." The man sighed. "In a way, it is too bad. Tomorrow evening we might have killed all in the garrison." Then he smiled. "But it is all right," he added cheerfully. "Maybe Big Josef will stage the raid anyway. See, he is smiling."

Big Josef was indeed smiling. The peasant was uttering oaths against the Nazis, and pointing to his right leg. It was a wooden leg, and the Boche had done that to him during the last war. He shook his fist, as though invoking vengeance upon the gray scourge.

Big Josef laughed, got to his feet. He held out a huge paw to the wounded peasant, and raised him to his feet. "Welcome friend," he chuckled. "When you are better we shall find work for you to do. We need men up here who can till the soil."

The peasant held out 'his hands. They were grimy and calloused. "That I can do. Big Josef. And that I will do."

"Good." Big Josef laughed again. Then, catching Nikol's eye he signalled the lad to come over. To the peasant he said: "This boy, Nikol, will provide you with a sleeping bag. He, too, has great reason to hate the Nazis. As have all of us who have lost wife or kin." He beamed upon the tired peasant. "Come, stranger," he said. "Laugh. Tonight we have cause to rejoice. Two of my men have been returned safe and we have gained you, too." His eyes twinkled. "Laugh. For you are safe here."

The peasant smiled, opening his mouth wide as crude laughter came forth.

Nikol looked at the wrinkled face. The firelight was dancing full on it, outlining every hollow, every wrinkle, the deep-set of the eyes. It was nice that people should laugh—and Nikol started. Laughter. . . ?

Big Josef's voice snapped his mind back. "Come, come, Nikol. Take care of our friend." He spoke to the Chetniks. "Back to sleep."

The old man babbled his thanks as Nikol handed him a sleeping bag and indicated where he should sleep. Then, after seeing that the peasant was comfortable, Nikol returned to his own sleeping place and nestled beneath the covers

of his bag. In a few moments, the symphony of snores which his alarm had interrupted was resumed. The camp was sleeping again.

All but Nikol. His mind wrestled with the thought that had come to him. He was thinking back to the days of dental school, remembering some of his classmates, Walters, Bach—German youth they had been. And smart students, with highly-disciplined minds. How Bach had loved to ask questions, always asking questions. And remembering—

Nikol's mind whirled. But what he was now thinking was impossible! It seemed fantastic. And yet—! He locked over to the spot where the peasant was sleeping. The old man was sound asleep. With sudden determination, Nikol stole from his sleeping bag. He was a born woodsman, this lad, and no sound came from near or around him as he slipped from the bag and wormed his way out of the firelight. Cautiously, he circled the camp and, in a moment, lay shivering in the shadows. "What have I to lose?" he told himself. "And, besides, if I am wrong, no one need know."

For an interminable time he lay in the darkness, cold biting into his bones, his eyes on the peasant's sleeping bag, that did not stir. He was about to give up when his attention was arrested by a movement from the

bag. His eyes widened as he saw the old peasant slip out and then—why what was this? He was unfastening his wooden leg, probing in it.

And then Nikol saw the odd shaped stick with the long handle. He knew what it was: he had seen many of them. A German grenade.

A wild yell burst from his lips as he launched himself on the old peasant, just as the latter was about to hurl the bomb. The old man displayed a surprising strength for one so aged, but a moment later, he was secure in Big Josef's grip. And Big Josef was blackly asking for an explanation.

"He is a Nazi!" cried Nikol. "See." He held out his hand. There was a soft composition in it; the fake nose of the peasant. And now, Janos saw him clearly. "Schmidt!" He cried, "The Gestapo!" Contemptuously, he added: "He sacrificed his own comrade, too, to catch us."

Guilt showed on the Nazi's frightened face. He began to babble for mercy. He was still crying as Josef and Herra, knives in their hands, took him away. When they returned, they were alone. And in time to hear Big Josef ask "How did you come to suspect him, Nikol."

And Nikol was answering proudly. "His teeth! When he smiled I saw expensive bridge-work, such as no peasant could ever afford!"

## MODEL PLANES

You can get this model of China's dauntless Flying Tigers—the A V G P-40 plane—without cost This is the terrifying pursuit ship that made the Japs wish they had stayed in Japan Now you can get this realistic model and earn CASH PROFITS, too And this is only one of the almost 200 thrilling prizes that you can claim. It's easy! It's fun! Don't wait! All you need to do is deliver Collier's Magazine to regular customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood Will not interfere with school. Mail the coupon TODAY and we'll start you.



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# SLAM BRADLEY

EVERYBODY KNOWS  
THAT FELONS FLEE  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHERS,  
ARE LEERY OF LENSES,  
SHUN THE SHUTTER-  
SNAPPERS, CRINGE  
FROM THE CAMERAS...  
SO-O---WHEN SLAM  
BRADLEY AND SHORTY  
MORGAN, THOSE STRONG-  
ARMED SNUFFERS OUT  
OF LAWLESSNESS  
COLLIDE WITH A COL-  
LECTION OF CROOKS  
WHO ARE CAMERA-SHY,  
WE WANT TO GET  
CLOSE TO A CAMERA  
IN THE WORST WAY, A  
PLOT DEVELOPS TOWARD  
A FAST AND FURIOUS  
SOLUTION THAT BE-  
LONGS IN YOUR ALBUM  
UNDER THE HEADING  
OF...

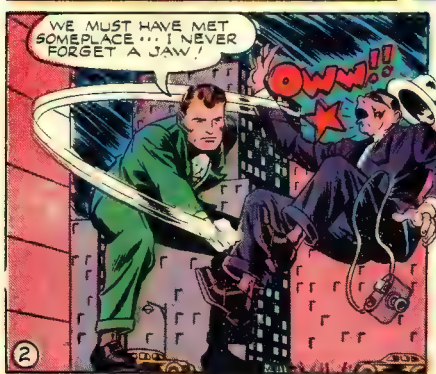
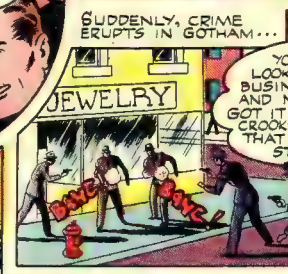
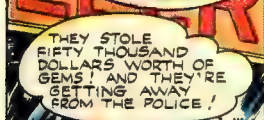
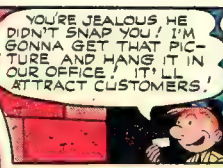
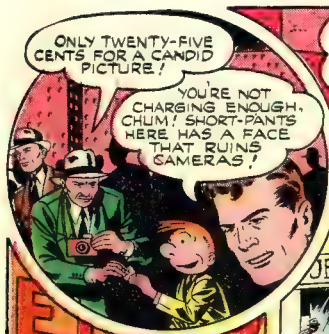
# "THE BASHFUL BANDITS!"

LOOK AT  
THE BIRDIE.

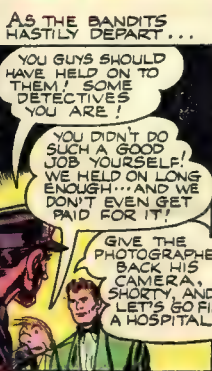
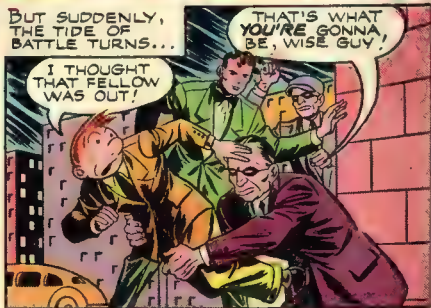
MIDDAY IN CROWDED  
GOTHAM... AND SLAM  
BRADLEY AND SHORTY  
MORGAN LAMENT THE  
PASSING OF CRIME!

CROOKS BETTER  
GET BUSY! UNLESS  
THEY STEAL STUFF  
AND WE GET REWARDS  
FOR CATCHIN' 'EM, HOW  
ARE WE GONNA LIVE?

TALKING  
ABOUT  
CRIME.  
THAT FELLOW  
IS COMMIT-  
TING ONE  
RIGHT NOW.  
TAKING  
A PICTURE  
OF YOU!







LATER...

LOOK... A REWARD!

**CITY NEWS**

**\$5,000 REWARD OFFERED FOR CAPTURE OF JEWEL BANDITS.**

BANDIT LEADER MOMENTARILY DROPS MASK, BUT EXCITED WITNESSES GIVE ONLY CONFUSED DESCRIPTION

MINERS STRIKE SETTLED

WAR BOND SALES SOAR

FIRE IN DOWNTOWN SECTION

AND WE KNOW HOW TO GET IT! THAT PHOTOGRAPHER MUST HAVE SNAPPED THE BANDIT LEADER... THAT'S WHY THEY WANTED THE CAMERA-TO PREVENT IDENTIFICATION!

BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THE PHOTOGRAPHER WENT!

YOU STILL HAVE THAT CARD HE GAVE YOU! IT HAS THE ADDRESS OF THE COMPANY HE WORKS FOR! HE TURNS HIS NEGATIVES IN THERE TO BE DEVELOPED!

THEN LET'S GET STARTED! THAT REWARD IS WAITING FOR US!

PRESENTLY, IN THE OFFICE OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHY COMPANY...

ONE OF YOUR PHOTOGRAPHERS ALMOST HAD HIS CAMERA STOLEN, AND WE SAVED IT! WE'D LIKE TO SEE THE PICTURES HE TOOK!

ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHY COMPANY

KNOW THE MAN YOU MEAN... HE'S JUST TURNED IN HIS NEGATIVES!

IN THE DARK ROOM, AN EAGER DUO WATCHES SKILLED HANDS PREPARE A PRECIOUS PORTRAIT...

THOSE PICTURES WILL BE READY IN A FEW MORE MINUTES!

OH, BOY, I CAN HARDLY WAIT! THAT REWARD...

QUIET, RUNT!

BUT A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION TAKES THE TENSELY EXPECTANT DETECTIVE DUO BY SURPRISE!

THOSE BANDITS AGAIN! THEY WANT THAT PICTURE, TOO!

HEY... YOU ALMOST RUINED THE NEGATIVE!

THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO!

4

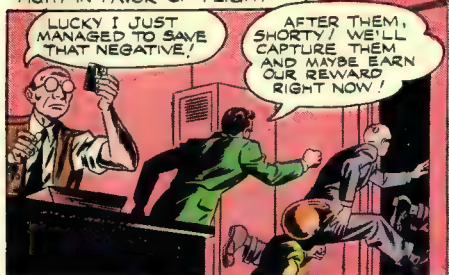
ARE YOU POSITIVE ABOUT THAT, PAL?

AHH!

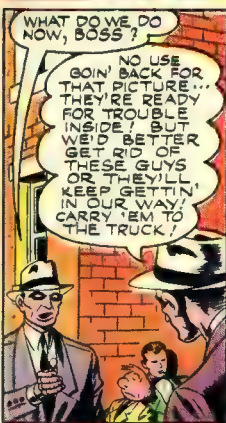




THE CROOKS ABANDON  
FIGHT IN FAVOR OF FLIGHT...



SUDDENLY...



PRESENTLY, IN A NEARBY  
GARAGE...





YEAH! THEN WE UNTIE YOU, AND LEAVE YOU HERE... AND IT LOOKS LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

GIVE US A BREAK! DON'T LEAVE US SO CLOSE TO THAT EXHAUST!



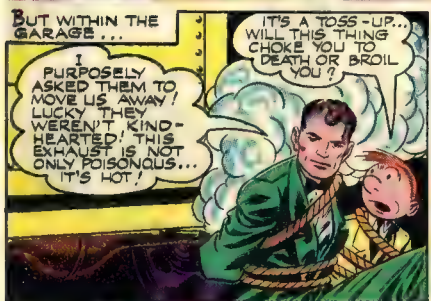
GOOD THING YOU REMINDED ME! WE'LL MOVE YOU A LITTLE CLOSER... AND FINISH YOU FASTER!

YOU BIG OAF, NOW LOOK WHAT YOU DID!



I GIVE THEM A HALF HOUR!

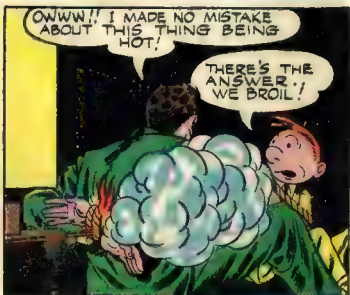
BET THEY DON'T LAST MORE THAN TWENTY MINUTES!



BUT WITHIN THE GARAGE...

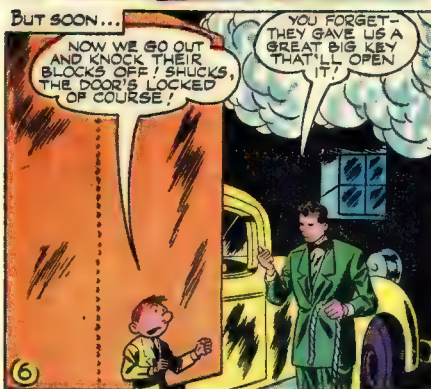
I PURPOSELY ASKED THEM TO MOVE US AWAY! LUCKY THEY WEREN'T KIND-HEARTED! THIS EXHAUST IS NOT ONLY POISONOUS... IT'S HOT!

IT'S A TOSS-UP... WILL THIS THING CHOKE YOU TO DEATH OR BROIL YOU?



OWWW!! I MADE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THIS THING BEING HOT!

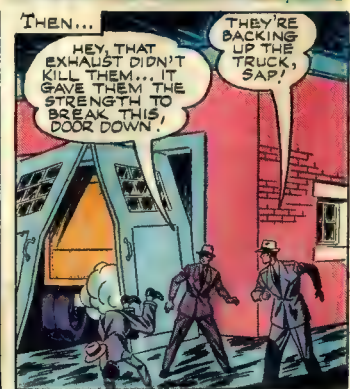
THERE'S THE ANSWER!! WE BROIL!



BUT SOON...

NOW WE GO OUT AND KNOCK THEIR BLOCKS OFF! SHUCKS, THE DOOR'S LOCKED OF COURSE!

YOU FORGET- THEY GAVE US A GREAT BIG KEY THAT'LL OPEN IT!

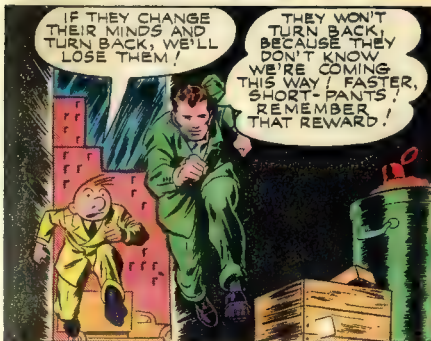


THEN...

HEY, THAT EXHAUST DIDN'T KILL THEM... IT GAVE THEM THE STRENGTH TO BREAK THIS DOOR DOWN.

THEY'RE BACKING UP THE TRUCK, SAP!





BUT AS SHORTY FALTERS, HE IS INSPIRED TO CATCH HIS SECOND WIND...



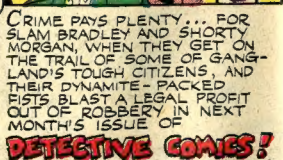
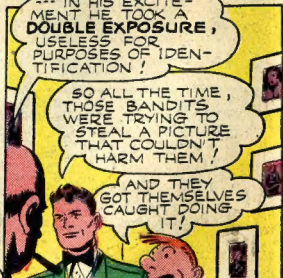
NEXT MOMENT...



AS THE HOT PURSUIT IS RESUMED ONCE MORE...



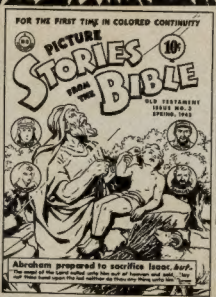
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